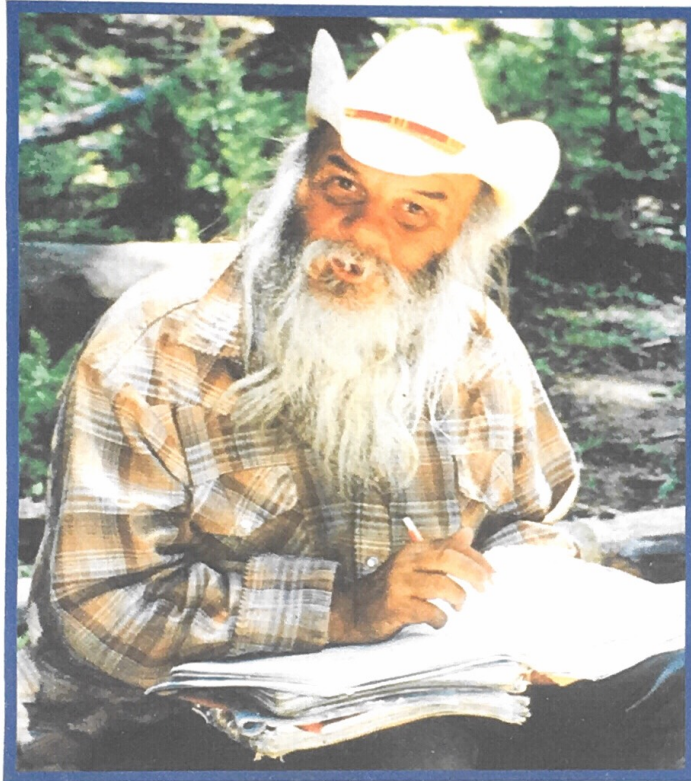




Rainbow Family Life Stories



*by Jodey Bateman.
Interviews with Rainbow
Family of Living Light
folks conducted between
1977 and 2008.*

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05.D JAYSUN - "I'm Still a Warrior"

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Jayson - I'm Still a Warrior

El first interviewed Jayson and Feather for their life stories in November, 1978.

As we talked before the interview, Jayson mentioned his relationship with Leah, before his marriage to Feather. His

Jayson's time with Leah was barely mentioned in the first version of his life story. In 1982, while Jared, his son by Leah, was visiting him, Jayson added that whole episode to his life story together with a lot more information about Warm Springs, the counter-culture resort he and Leah started - "a place that was part of hippie history," as Jayson says - and also about his jobs as a counsellor in a reform school and as an iron worker.

JAYSON -

I feel a tremendous sense of security in my inmost being. I'm glad I never had any spiritual trip crammed down my throat as a kid, even though I was made aware that world existed. I have a faith that keeps me from giving up. I never had a reason not to feel optimistic. I can't stand cynicism. It's the problem with the world today. If we'd all throw away our cynicism and believe we could do it, we'd do it.

There's nothing in my past that's too painful to remember. I can't cut off parts of me, parts of my consciousness. But I don't wash anyone else's dirty hamper.

I was born in a hospital in Oakland March 3, 1946. I'm a fourth generation native Californian. I feel my ties and my history in California are something like this movement we have in the Rainbow Family. My mother's father was German. He had been a logger. He was a remarkable man. I wish so dearly that he was still around. He had been a Wobbly. He showed me pictures of the IWW [Industrial Workers of the World] strike he had been part of in Seattle - thousands of people out in the street. He knew a few Wobbly songs he used to sing for me. He was also a charter member of the Sierra Club. He used to take me on hikes. He raised my

mother to be a free and independent person.

My father was the youngest of eight. Only four of them lived to their twenties. He's a retired painting contractor. My mother worked in a nice small bank and then became a city employee in Concord, California.

My folks raised me well - not without traumas, of course. I was active, building forts and all this shit. You see these two white spots on top of my finger. There used to be two on the lower side. When I was seven, I was playing in a vacant lot next to a building and a little old lady looked out a third story window, like to say, "Isn't he cute?" This gray squirrel came up and she told me, "You can catch him. He won't hurt you." And I did catch him. He bit into my finger and wouldn't let go when I shook him and hit him. Finally he let go because he was drowning in my blood, I guess, and I ran home to my mother. She looked at me like, "What now?" Next day there was a trail of drops all the way down the sidewalk where I ran.

I put a hole through my foot digging a hole with a pitchfork when I was eight. My friends and me, we were a wild bunch, always raising a cloud of dust. I lived three miles out of town near Mount Diablo. My friends and I used to cut school and go up Mount Diablo on our bicycles.

I made straight A's in school until the sixth grade. In the fifth grade they put me in this special science class of eight kids. Then in the sixth grade, they started homework and I lost interest.

Sometimes I worked summers in the walnut orchards. In high school I worked a summer in the refinery near Martinez, California. I was in the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers' Union. I used to surf from Santa Cruz to Redondo Beach. I got a wet suit and surfed at Mendocino where it was colder. I'm not very competitive, but I was on the basketball and baseball teams one year. I ran track and I was on the swimming team. I swam in the state championship.

Concord was a nice place before it started growing. The town park was one small park surrounded by a tremendous grape arbor. It was beautiful. About the time I was 18 and had to register for the draft, they tore down the arbor and put up concrete and

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swings. Concord has gotten out of hand.

I got out of high school in 1964. I went to junior college for a while, drove a truck for a while - a California kid's dream. I didn't have a direction. I had gone steady with a lady for like four and a half years, from when I was 15. It was like a beautiful relationship because it was out in the open. We didn't sneak. We would stay at my parents' cabin in the Sierras. We mutually decided it was time to experience the world more fully, so we split up just before Christmas, 1965.

So I got my 1-A classification and it was raining and I wasn't afraid, so I said, "Why not?" I volunteered for Vietnam. I thought there was an enemy and they should be defeated. I had no reason not to trust what my parents and my TV and my newspaper told me. I thought it was the thing to do. I was an Eagle Scout. I think Boy Scouts are a good preparation for, the Army be a good Cub Scout, be a good Boy Scout, be a good worker.

I went in the 25th Infantry Division. I was in Vietnam in 1966 and '67. I volunteered for extra dangerous duty - Long Range Reconnaissance Patrols. It took initiative and I have plenty of that - sometimes. I was into it. I believed in it. I was a warrior.

When I was over in Vietnam, I was with the people. I'm that way wherever I am. I just love people. I didn't throw my beer cans at the "gooks." I didn't call them gooks while I was in Nam. But the Army's whole thing was based on the idea that we were a much superior race. One of the things that surprised me - my squad and I went out on a mission. In the morning we collected three or four bodies. My lieutenant had had his hair cut the day before by one of the Vietnamese we killed.

I was playing poker with a couple of young Vietnamese kids out in the bush and they were really sharp at it. And two more Vietnamese joined the game. And after they left, the kids told me that those were the Viet Cong. And that's good - getting to meet the enemy. And they're people too.

I saw there was a man and a woman in the rice field and they didn't give a fuck who was in power in Saigon and Hanoi. They just wanted to be left alone by the American capitalist monster. That's what I will fight.

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for if I have to, because I'm still a warrior. The only thing to do is be Christ like as possible, but that doesn't always mean turn the other cheek.

I was pretty clean in Vietnam. I smoked pot there, I dropped acid. But I turned in some heroin once that I found in a Vietnamese house when I was on a search and clear mission and I didn't even think of using it. Then I was promoted to squad leader over a guy who had more time than I did in grade because he drank a lot. He and I had smoked together, so he tried to turn me in for marijuana.

Right about that time, I was in the field. I got hit in the shoulder with a piece of shrapnel and got medivac'ed back to a hospital in Japan. In Japan in the hospital they asked me where I wanted to go and I said "Back to Nam." I really felt close to my brothers there. I bandaged wounds and dressed napalm burns in the hospital.

I really dug the people in Japan. Yet they're so American, so into the American dream, just ready to get it. But I really dug the NO SMOKING signs in the subways. I smoked then, but I appreciate that consciousness.

I came back from Vietnam with my buddies, fucking righteously pissed off, because we had been through it and we saw the lie. When I was in Vietnam, I couldn't wait to get back to the real world and when I got back, I found it was unreal. So I had to go on a search for reality. I joined the Peace and Freedom Party to express the way I felt about everything. I went to the Port Chicago anti-war project house near San Francisco, but it was run by some pacifists who were very strict. It was just like boot camp. So I left.

As a learning experience, I had outgrown the Army. I had learned the system. I had mastered it to a degree. They suggested I should go to Officers' Candidate School, and then I couldn't because my grandfather was a Wobbly. I didn't find out that was the reason until later.

On the weekends I went to Berkeley shooting drugs. I got so

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disgusted with the whole system, I showed the Army people the holes in my arms. I was just trying to get out. Also I experienced a couple of gay brothers as a passive partner and I told the Army and they still wouldn't let me out. Once I got so redded out, I collapsed on the captain's desk and they still wouldn't let me out. Still, I did my job well. I was made a supply sergeant a month before an IG-on inspection down to the very toenails. I didn't know anything about how to do it at first, but I pulled my whole thing together. I still believed in doing my job as a person.

I wanted to heighten my awareness. That's what speed was to me - to peaken my outlook. I didn't want to escape nothing. Me and my friend Dennis and a couple of ladies and some other people shared an apartment and shooting up speed and sometimes heroin. All of us in this particular group of friends who were doing these drugs, like none of us ever OD'd at our place. The group trips were like very intellectual. We were learning and questing. I don't think anyone was in search of escape. And when the drugs ceased to be a teacher and became a master, we all split.

The grace of God and good sense got me out of shooting up. I went in an Army hospital for serum hepatitis. It was great. I read One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest - reading about the Army in the Army hospital. We even had a Big Nurse like in the book. We snuck out at night AWOL and smoked joints. They couldn't control us. I quit speed.

I started growing my hair long while I was in the Army. Three days before I got out of the Army in 1968, a full bird colonel ordered me to cut my hair. That's the last time I ever had it cut. until 1984.

I was changing in 1969. I had arguments with my dad. Like he wanted to build a big house in an urban area with a big mortgage and a lot of appliances and I said, "You don't need to," and my father pounded his fist on the table and broke the glass covering. He said, "That's enough! If this conversation goes on any more, there'll be bloodshed!"

I lived in Monterey and went to Berkley on weekends to help with Peoples Park. We planted a lot of grass-lawn seed, not marijuana - on

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Haste Street and worked on it and when the time came, we cut it into chunks and moved it in trucks onto People's Park and planted it there piece by piece. They took my photo and it was on the cover of the Berkeley Barb with streaks of mud on my face cause we got into it, we were all muddy. It flipped me out because my photo was on the cover. My sister pointed it out to me.

For me as young and naive as I was, People's Park was very exciting, very inspiring - new and different. I wasn't there the weekend the cops tried to take over the park in the name of the university.

During that time, they built a ten foot high chain link fence around the Park - a city block-size area. A young man was killed.

I went to the demonstration that next weekend - 50,000 people were there. There was a huge rally about a mile away from the park. The 50,000 marched peaceably to People's Park. I was one of the few people in the front of the procession putting long-stemmed roses and carnations in the belts, pockets and helmets of National Guardsmen and cops.

I was totally overjoyed and overwhelmed by the spirit of this demonstration, because all the cops and agents were very fearful that 50,000 people had gathered in their town for retribution, when in fact, the message of this demonstration was that there need not be ever any killing and that we wanted to demonstrate the real cause of our movement, which was joy and life. Why should anyone die for a park? It was real nice, because we all got to the park fence.

The cops along the streets were friendly, but the police sharpshooters on the roofs weren't. I remember about midway on the march, there was a three-story condo and on a balcony there were some people playing the Youngblood's "Everybody get together, try to love one another right now," full blast on their stereo as the marchers passed below. It was really a turn on, going underneath the balcony as the sentiments were expressed over and over. When we got to the park, there must have been 200 cops and National Guards at the

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fence, so it got pretty tense. There was the National Guard, half scared and half pissed. And I was up ahead with a few people, and we figured we ought to do something to lighten it up. And it did. Somehow the spirit of peace prevailed and when we left the area, the fence was completely woven with roses and carnations. Oh, it was so pretty.

It was one of the first times I had heard an OM. It got to be about 60 of us huddling, doing an OM, and the cops came and broke us up. So as it started to get dark, people drifted back to where the march had originated where there was a tremendous boogie. Country Joe and the Fish were playing. They were great! And off the same stage there were political speakers. I remember myself and three other guys dragging a speaker off the stage because he was advocating killing pigs - absolute and nonsensical violence. He was identified as an agent provocateur.

I've never seen so many people boogie so fast and so long, beating rocks against Coke bottles - big campfires everywhere. In those days I was pretty naive to the evil possibilities of police power and I just naturally assumed a belief in the good of the man behind the uniform. Now I realize that evil possibility and consciously look for that good part because much of the Movement involves touching hearts and minds.

In spring 1969, I went to work with a group called Big Sur Recordings that was very involved with the encounter group movement. Esalen was the group we worked with. Big Sur Recordings started out on a card table. My life has been nothing but a series of exposures to things I was not ready to comprehend. Here I was around Fritz Perls and Ida Rolf and John Lilly. Most of those days, these psychiatrists were working with people's deep feelings and I wondered why I didn't have pain in me like that. I was just a neutral observer, doing my job recording the sessions.

I left Big Sur Recordings when it got to be less searching and questing and more of a business. I could pretty well see the trajectory of my life. I had a three-story place. I could be like a Big Sur Recording executive. I could have had a Porsche. There wasn't cocaine, but there would have been. I

do like the affluence. It wasn't a conscious move, moving away. It was an intuitive way. I left because once you've tasted the real of life, you can never be satisfied with the bland Playboy Club. If I hadn't volunteered for Nam, I might have been in the Playboy Club. I don't regret leaving in the least, but I have missed being able to pay my children's dental bills.

One guy who was doing a recording of Alan Watts called us up at Big Sur Recordings and said he was out of tapes and I said, "Hey, come over and we'll fix you up." So he came over and told me about this motel-hot springs in New Mexico and six days later, I was there in New Mexico living with a lady named Leah 13 years older than me that I had met in California two weeks before.

Leah had some friends who had just returned from the Southwest raving about it, so she asked if she could come along with me to see Warm Springs. I said, "Far out, I could dig the company." When she saw the place, she went for it. She had left all her things in California and she went back to California to pick them up and came back to Warm Springs.

Myself and some partners leased the hot springs from the Zia Indians. We purchased the lease for \$10,000 down from an old couple who were simply not up to running this motel-hot springs-restaurant. We put immense amounts of energy of all kinds into it, and built up a clientele. It had been run down and we fixed it up. I had to rebuild 17 toilets. We had an Olympic-sized swimming pool full of mineral water. Me and the others took a vow at the start that we were just caretakers of the flow-keepers of the holy springs. We called ourselves the Warm Springs Family. They gave me the name Jay Sun. My name had been John and there were three others named John there.

Leah and I set up the restaurant at Warm Springs. We set up massage workshops. Leah was the first live-in relationship I had had since before I went to Vietnam. I didn't realize how much the Nam trip had affected me.

Warm Springs was at the western escarpment of the Jemez mountains where broken mesa country started, dramatic country, sage and piñon. It was on Highway 44 - it was all bumps and chuck holes. There used to be bumper stickers that said "Pray for me. I drive 44." There were so few cars at night that on moonlight nights you could drive without your headlights to Bernalillo, about 40 miles away.

Older traditional Indians from Zia Pueblo became fast friends of ours and came. Navajo and Apache Indians would come and not stop at the restaurant. The springs was a sacred place to them. They'd leave feathers tied to the bushes. We had physicists from Los Alamos and their families and hippies from around the world and movie stars like Peter Fonda. Mimi Fariña came. When people at Lama Foundation became burnt out and crazy at their place, they'd come spend time at our place and vice versa. The organizational meeting for Earth People's Park took place at our springs. We still had the truckers coming. We had Peter Fonda sitting at the counter in our restaurant and bullshitting with a friend and next to him would be an old trucker who hauled oil to Gallup. And I loved it.

We weren't pushing no trips. We were earning just enough money to keep the place going. You could use the baths and have a room for the night for \$5.50. You could get a super meal for \$2.50. You could stay at Warm Springs for free if you didn't have any money. What the hell, we bargained. We didn't make any money for us. I worked on ranches. Once I mined humate - a black stuff with organic material in it that needs a couple of million more years to be coal. Warm Springs ran by itself. Everytime we had a crisis, somebody came and laid \$500 on us. It was a mellow, relaxed place, well known far around.

We'd do peyote or acid at the full moon and had a great spiritual awakening. You could just lay on your back in the pool and watch the stars doing what they're doing. The whole thing was a spiritual experience. Eden Hot Springs was like the trip we were running, except it was ten years later and it was a lot more structured. We were a lot more free form. The relationship that Leah and I evolved was loving and caring, based on

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shared work and friendship. We worked together extremely well on Warm Springs. But in my heart, I knew she was not the lady I wanted to commit my life to. I remember I never told her, "I love you" so I wouldn't commit myself. I wanted to keep everything light. I asked her about birth control and she said that was covered. Then she got pregnant. I was 23, she was 36. I thought she wanted to get pregnant. She figured at

36, this might be a last chance. I was immature. I had so much more to experience. It was like getting married at 16.

We broke up when she was four months pregnant. She went to the Lama Foundation. Then she found roots in the Taos area. Shortly before she gave birth [June, 1970] we talked on the phone. It was friendly, but there was no indication we would get back together. My idea if you break up is to stay friends and keep on trucking. I saw the child when he was three months old and she told me his name was Jared.

Not long after Leah left, Sandy and I hooked up and spent a great year together. We met at the springs. She became pregnant and we did the whole natural childbirth and delivered the child together, a daughter named Jardine. Sandy's personality and way of doing things made it hard for her to mesh smoothly with the Warm Springs Family. She wasn't truly at home there and I was. We moved away 30 miles and I commuted to Warm Springs. It was like having two wives. I loved Warm Springs with all my heart. It was my life's work and we all shared that devotion together. When Jardine was two months old, Sandy moved to the Lama Foundation. Sandy and I were totally different people. I went for the relationship, but it went sour.

In the summer of 1971, a guy was promoting a concert on a Saturday night at the Colosseum in Albuquerque. The next day they were going to do an outdoor concert all day and Bernalillo County—that's Albuquerque—got an injunction against it. Everybody has a double ticket for Saturday night indoor and Sunday outdoor. So they moved the outdoor concert to Santa Fe county—another injunction. So I heard about the injunction and called the promoter from Warm Springs. He

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said that they had moved the equipment again to another county 40 miles east of Albuquerque and that their crews were setting it up there. That site was a disaster - windy, flat, dry - no water. They had to haul it. They were paying a rancher an exorbitant price.

So I offered our place with the hot springs, the motel, the restaurant, 50 acres of land, a hillside like an amphitheater. He said he didn't have a way to move all his stuff - the stage, the gaudies, the shitter - and his people were all tired. They had been doing this for two days.

At this point it's two in the afternoon Saturday so I tell him I'll call him back and I call all my friends in the mountains for 40 miles around. By nine o'clock that evening at Warm Springs there was one big dump truck, five pick up trucks, one flat-bed trailer and two station wagons and about 25 people. And we all head out for Albuquerque and arrive at the indoor concert, which is in full swing. And the promoter wanted to talk to me about the arrangement to move the concert to our place. And I refused to go off with him, saying that it was all of us doing it and that we would all talk together - all us hill people in our convoy.

So we got 45 people while the concert was booming, the whole building was vibrating. We told him we needed his bucks for gas and wanted to make an agreement about the use of Warm Springs. He offered a percentage of the gate. That sounded real good to us.

The plan was that we would move the entire concert under the cover of night and tomorrow being Sunday, it would be almost impossible for the county where Warm Springs was to acquire an injunction. We all enjoyed an hour's worth of the concert after the meeting. We went outside and did the drivers' meeting and decided to break the convoy into different routes through town so as not to attract attention, and meet east of Albuquerque.

We drove a long ways and finally got to this waste land and by this time it's one in the morning. There's like 30 other people there already and they were tired and they were burnt. The promoter had assured us that he had a very capable crew and we would do it together. And when we showed up, they just gave us their claw hammers and wrecking bars and walked away.

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So we looked around and saw us and realized it was our baby—two gantries, a stage that was eight foot off the ground—like 32' foot by 16 foot. And we had to tear it down and move it 150 miles—all of it. So instead of doing a nice, neat proper job, we just tore it down in big chunks, mostly 8 by 12, so that when we finally got everybody loaded with everything they could possibly carry, there was a scene like this—a '53 Chevrolet half-ton pickup with an eight-foot tall by 12 foot long piece of stage up high sticking up and out. The tires were all bulged out. The dump truck had a load that looked 40 feet tall. It was outrageous. We should have had lights and warning flags. Except for nuclear waste, it was the most illegal load that's ever been carried through New Mexico.

Driving through Albuquerque at five in the morning and doing the cleanup and doing the cheap gas station, gotta take a piss where the heck's my dog and poor coffee movie was surreal. By this time we'd been up all night and driven many miles. We drove all the way through Albuquerque and never saw a cop.

We got to Warm Springs at about eight and discovered a number of other hill people—these guys' old ladies and others—had made a huge breakfast at the restaurant and good coffee and tea. We drove to the back of the land and started unloading and they brought all this food out. People started arriving at noon and some started helping. They watched the concert unfold right in front of their eyes.

At one point during the concert that night, three Anglo motorcycle guys got real drunk and took over the stage. It was quite a chore to get them to leave the stage and it freaked the crowd out, because these guys had been violent in the crowd an hour or two previous. They punched out three or four Anglo guys and kept intimidating them. Then one of these guys hit a Chicane brother and 17 Chicanos put them out. One of these guys had to go in an ambulance and the Chicanos also threw their motorcycles over the fence. I learned something from that about the people united will never be defeated.

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Meanwhile, I got 7,000 people in the backyard of my home freaking out. And a movie company is filming this whole thing. And there's the promoter at the mike center stage going, "People, you better cool it. If you don't cut it out, you're gonna have a lot of trouble and we're gonna shut this thing down."

His tone was worried, up tight and demanding and soon as I heard him speak, something inside of me came alive. I walked straight to the stage climbed up on it and walked up to him and turned off the mike and asked him to leave the stage. To my surprise, he walked off stage leaving me standing in front of 7,000 people with a mike all of them wanting to leave.

I just stood there for a while, took a deep breath, turned on the mike and simply said, "Brothers and sisters," three times - with about a minute's pause in between times, and everything stopped. I explained how this was my home, I lived here. I remember talking about my neighbors seven miles to the north, my other neighbors to the south and came to speak as to how we were being an example of what we really want and it just keyed everybody up. They remembered how they wanted this concert to be - and it got that way. I said, "Thanks a lot," and put up the mike and left the stage and the show went on. This was preliminary preparation for the Rainbow Gathering.

After three years of Warm Springs, we had gained a good reputation in certain circles in the state. Then there was a new governor of Zia Pueblo. They had a different governor every year. The first ones we got along with beautifully. We gave one of them a bald eagle that somebody ran over and gave to us. The new governor was a white man's Indian, an apple-red on the outside, white on the inside. When he was running, he told his people, "If you elect me, I'll get Warm Springs and all that money for our people." And he didn't know we weren't making any money. We paid Zia Pueblo 5% of the gross a year. We were subsistence caretakers. We weren't even going to the movies. We were making high scores - 185 and 190 on our health department tests.

The Zia governor was just the instrument of karma. There were people internally in the family of us who wanted more of a business-like attitude.

Warm Springs needed some of that, but it came to a place where I didn't like what was happening. I was going to have to pull a power trip or leave. Some people wanted me to be a leader and others who wanted to push the flow wouldn't listen. And I wanted a democratic family.

One thing I've learned-hot springs attract all the powerful positive energies-and an equal amount of negative energies. So there's a great conflict of light and darkness around every hot spring I know of.

The governor of Zia took us into court. He got \$350,000 from the OEO [Office of Economic Opportunity] to get us out because the lease had been written in 1935 with uneducated Indians. His lawyers looked for every legal loophole. We were defending ourselves in court and we hadn't done anything. We had good lawyers, but we were playing for time. The Zia Pueblo governor knew it was costing us about \$2,500 legal fees. I went up to log in the woods for two weeks to make money for the family for the situation. When I got back, somebody had decided to liquidate the scene-which pissed me off, because I was kind of a manager, for lack of a better word. I had \$1,000 worth of albums when they cost \$4 each and they sold them for 50¢ each. I was real proud of myself that I didn't say nothing about it. In May, 1972, we had to move out of Warm Springs. I still feel bad about it. After we left, the place was immediately torn down, bulldozed.

I moved up in northern New Mexico and started taming wild horses in the mountains, the Jicarilla Apache country. It was extremely remote. I was with a 50 year old cowboy-explorer-survival expert-spiritual magician. I apprenticed myself to this cat. He built my saddle.

I had two horses I was working with when I left for the Rainbow Gathering in the summer of 1972. I hitched to Granby, Colorado, to the gathering. I got involved with the peyote spirit and the spirit of the land. I saw angels at that gathering or what is called angels, the vibrating lights, hovering over the whole thing. I was in the kitchen at that moment boogie-ing, praying.

Feather and I met there. She had spent the night of July 4th making love with Barry on Table Mountain. In March a black widow spider bit me on the scrotum, so I was out of commission until July 6th. The night of July 5th, I was at an incredible peyote meeting done in a sacred manner. Sunny was there before Barry ever met her. She told me, "You were the son of Red Cloud." And that hit home, because Jack Red Cloud, Chief Red Cloud's son, was a leader of his people, respected by them, but he trusted the government too much and fucked up. Maybe I'm getting my chance now, so I won't fuck up again.

At breakfast the next day, July 6th, I met Feather. Barry left the gathering with Sunny and I left with Feather. Feather and her daughter Grasshopper and I hitched back to my camp in New Mexico. I named my horse at the camp Wishawee, which means Red Girl in Sioux. I had felt deeply I should give a name that was in tune with my visions. She was a two-year-old strawberry roan, a beautiful animal. When we rounded her up, she knocked off the top two boards from the back of the pickup. I said to myself, "She ain't scared, she's pissed. This is the one for me." She had spirit. And I'm glad I chose her. She and I were so close.

We took the horse to Wheeler's Ranch Commune in California. There were good folks at Wheeler's, good energy. That was the quiet time at Wheeler's. The blow-out energy was gone. It was in the winter and there weren't so many week-enders. Wheeler's was far out and everything, but by then I had already become a dyed in the wool desert rat. The Southwest felt like the place to be. So Feather and her daughter and I moved back to Lindrieth, New Mexico, and leased a section with our own house - a better situation. It was 15 miles out on a dirt road with a canyon behind the house.

Feather and I got married June 16, 1973 at an ancient Indian burial ground. It was just before the Wyoming Gathering. We were very pregnant. We were married by a Universal Life Church minister. My parents sent me my life insurance policy. We cashed it in and used part of the money to make a payment on my saddle and the rest to go to the Wyoming Gathering. At the Colorado Gathering, we got to meet the

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people who had the vision of the gathering. In Wyoming, we got to find out how the work of the gathering went—programs like fire control. It was really a joy. Also, we seemed to be able to like do it. We met up with people who had experience like at Woodstock or Vortex. Wyoming was a gas.

One of the things that really heartens me about the gatherings is that so many people who were instrumental in starting the gathering aren't even seen any more—which is a shame in itself—and yet there are people just as far out who take their place and the gatherings go on. We call it the Rainbow Family because you can't grab a hold of it and it's always changing. We came back with a busload of people. In those days, we didn't just travel from place to place. We went from the spirit of one place to the spirit of another.

Our child Shawn died on Halloween, 1973, six weeks old. Two days before, he had been to his six weeks' checkup at the clinic 38 miles away, and they said he was the best physical specimen they had ever seen. They carried him around and showed him off. My mom and dad and sister were visiting us. We went to the Lindrith School Halloween party and came home, went to bed. We woke up and Feather gasped, "Shawn!" I reached over and he was cold and I said, "He's dead."

I had a dream the night before. I woke up and it was like a waking dream. Like a black spirit entity of energy with no form circling above the bed where Feather and I and the baby were sleeping. It's almost like I was under its spell and I couldn't move. I thought about Grasshopper—she seemed OK, then about Feather—she wasn't threatened. Then myself and I wasn't threatened. But I didn't think about Shawn. I woke up the next day and felt that entity was there to take the spirit of our son.

We said some prayers and called our neighbor friends and our doctor friend. The doctor came right out. My neighbors and Feather and I built a native cedar coffin—we milled it ourselves. And we